

POEM <sup>133.</sup>  
ON THE LATE  
CIVIL WAR.

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By Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

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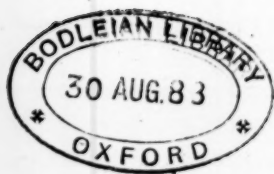


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# The Publisher

TO THE

## R E A D E R.

**M**Meeting accidentally with this Poem in Manuscript, and being informed that it was a Piece of the incomparable Mr. A C's, I thought it unjust to hide such a Treasure from the World. I remember'd that our Author in his Preface to his Works, makes mention of some Poems written by him on the late Civil War, of which the following Copy is questionably a part. In his most imperfect and unfinish'd Pieces, you will discover the Hand of so great

## The Publisher to the Reader.

*a Master. And (whatever his own Modesty might have advised to the contrary) there is not one careless stroke of his but what should be kept sacred to Posterity. He could write nothing that was not worth the preserving, being habitually a Poet and Always Inspired. In this Piece the Judicious Reader will find the Turn of the Verse to be his; the same Copious and Lively Imagery of Fancy, the same Warmth of Passion and Delicacy of Wit that sparkles in all his Writings. And certainly no Labours of a Genius so Rich in its self, and so Cultivated with Learning and Manners, can prove an unwelcome Present to the World.*



A

## P O E M

On the late

## CIVIL WAR.



What Rage does *England* from it self  
divide,

More than the Seas from all the  
World beside.

From every part the roaring Can-

nons play,

From every part Blood roars as loud as they.

What *English* Ground but still some Moisture bears,

Of Young Mens Blood, and more of Mothers Tears!

What Airs unthickened with the Sighs of Wives,

Tho' more of Maids for their dear Lovers Lives.

B

Alas,

Alas, what Triumphs can this Victory shew,  
 That dies us Red in Blood and Blushes too!  
 How can we wish that Conquest, which bestows  
 Cypress, not Bays, upon the Conquering Brows,  
 It was not so when *Henry's* dreadful Name,  
 Nor Sword, nor Cause, whole Nations overcame.  
 To farthest West did his swift Conquests run,  
 Nor did his Glory set but with the Sun.  
 In vain did *Roderic* to his Hold retreat,  
 In vain had wretched *Ireland* call'd him Great.  
*Ireland!* which now most basely we begin  
 To labour more to lose than he to win,  
 It was not so when in the happy East,  
*Richard* our *Mars*, *Venus's* Isle possesst.  
 'Gainst the proud Moon, he the *English* Cross display'd,  
 Ecclips'd one Horn, and the other paler made.  
 When our dear Lives we ventured bravely there,  
 And digg'd our own to gain *Christs* Sepulchre.

That

That sacred Tomb which should we now enjoy,   
 We should with as much zeal fight to destroy   
 The precious Signs of our dead Lord we scorn,   
 And see his Cross worse than his Body torn   
 We hate it now both for the *Greek* and *Jew*,   
 To us 'tis Follishness and Scandal to   
 To what with Worship the fond Papist falls,   
 That the fond Zealot a cursed Idol calls   
 So, 'twixt their double Madnes here's the odds,   
 One makes false Devils, t'other makes false Gods.

It was not so when *Edward* proved his Cause,   
 By a Sword stronger than the *Salique* Laws. (fight,   
 Tho fetched from *Pharamond*, when the *French* did   
 With Womens Hearts against the Womens Right.   
 The afflicted Ocean his first Conquest bore,   
 And drove Red Waves to the sad *Gallique* Shore   
 As if he had Angry with that Element been,   
 Which his wide Soul bound with an Island in.

Where's now that spirit with which at *Cressy* we,  
 And *Poitiers* forced from fate a Victory?  
 Two Kings at once we brought sad Captives home,  
 A Triumph scarcely known to ancient *Rome*;  
 Two Foreign Kings, but now alas we strive,  
 Our own, our own good Sovereign to Captive!

It was not so when *Agin-court* was won,  
 Under great *Henry* served the Rain and Sun,  
 A Nobler Fight the Sun himself ne'r knew,  
 Nor when he stop'd his Course a Fight to view!  
 Then Death's old Archer did more skilful grow,  
 And learned to shoot more sure from th' *English* bow;  
 Then *France* was her own story sadly taught,  
 And felt how *Cæsar* and how *Edward* fought.

It was not so when that vast Fleet of *Spain*,  
 Lay torn and scatter'd on the *English* Main;  
 Through the proud World, a Virgin, terror strook,  
 The *Austrian* Crowns and *Rome's* seven hills she shook:  
 To

To her great *Neptune* Homaged all his Streams  
 And all the wide-stretched Ocean was her *Thames*.  
 Thus our Fore-Fathers Fought, Thus bravely bled,  
 Thus still they live, whil'st we alive are dead;  
 Such Acts they did that *Rome* and *Cæsar* too,  
 Might Envy those, whom once they did subdue.  
 We're not their off-spring, sure our Heralds Lie,  
 But Born we know not how, as now we Die;  
 Their precious Blood we could not venture thus:  
 Some *Cadmus* sure sow'd *Serpents* teeth for us;  
 We could not else by mutual Fury fall,  
 Whilst *Rhine* and *Sequan* for our Armies call:  
 Chuse War or Peace, you have a Prince you know,  
 As fit for both, as both are fit for you.  
 Furious as Lightning when Wars Tempest came,  
 But Calm in Peace, Calm as a Lambent Flame.

Have you forgot those happy years of late,  
 That saw nought ill, but us that were Ingrate;  
 Such

Such years, as if Earth's youth Return'd had been,  
 And that old Serpent Time had Cast his Skin:  
 As Gloriously, and Gently did they move,  
 As the bright Sun that Measures them above;  
 Then only in Books the Learn'd could misery see,  
 And the Unlearn'd ne're heard of Misery.  
 Then happy *James* with as deep Quiet Reigned,  
 As in His heavenly Throne, by Death, he gained.  
 And least this blessing with his Life should Cease,  
 He left us *Charles* the Pledge of future Peace.  
*Charles* under whom, with much ado, no less  
 Than sixteen years, we endur'd our happiness;  
 Till in a Moment, in the *North* we find,  
 A Tempest Conjur'd up without a Wind.  
 As soon the *North* her Kindness did Repent,  
 First the Peace-Maker, and next War she sent:  
 Just *Fried* that now had with long Peace forgot  
 On which side dwelt the *English*, which the *Scot*:

Saw

Saw glittering Arms shine sadly on his face;  
 VVhil' it all the affrighted Fish sank down apace;  
 No blood did then from this dark Quarrel grow,  
 It gave blunt wounds, that bled not out till now!  
 For *Jove*, who might have us'd his thundring power,  
 Chose to fall calmly in a Golden shew'r;  
 A way we found to Conquer, which by none  
 Of all our thrifty Ancestors was known;  
 So strangely Prodigal of late we are,  
 VVhere there buy Peace, and here at home buy VVar.

How could a war so sad and barbarous please,  
 But first by standing those blest days of Peace?  
 Through all the Excrements of State they pry,  
 Like Emp'ricks to find out a Malady;  
 And then with Desperate boldness they endeavor,  
 Th' Ague to cure by bringing in a Feavor:  
 The way is sure to expel some ill no doubt,  
 The Plague we know, drives all Diseases out.  
 What



VVhat strange wild fears did every Morning breed,  
 Till a strange fancy made us sick indeed;  
 And Cowardise did Valours place supply,  
 Like those that kill themselves for fear to die!  
 VVhat frantick Diligence in these Men appears,  
 That fear all Ills, and act o'r all their Fears;  
 Thus into VVar we scared ourselves, and who  
 But *Aaron's* Sons, that the first Trumpet blew.  
 Fond Men! who knew not that they were to keep  
 For God, and not for Sacrifice, their Sheep.  
 The Churches first this Murderous Doctrin sow,  
 And learn to Kill as well as Bury now.  
 The Marble Tombs where our Fore-fathers lie,  
 Sweated with dread of too much company:  
 And all their sleeping Ashes shook for fear, (there.  
 Least thousand Ghosts should come and shroud them  
 Petitions next from every Town they frame,  
 To be restored to them from whom they came!  
 The



The same stile all, and the same sense does pen,  
 Alas, they allow set Forms of Prayer to Men.  
 Oh happy we, if Men would neither hear  
 Their studied Form, nor God their sudden Prayer.  
 They will be heard, and in unjustest wise,  
 The many Headed-Rout for Justice cries.  
 They call for Blood, which now I fear does call  
 For Blood again, much louder than they all.  
 In senseless Clamours, and confused Noise,  
 We lost that rare, and yet unconquer'd Voice.  
 So when the sacred *Thracian* Lyre was drown'd,  
 In the *Bistonian* VVomens mixed sound.  
 The wondring Stones, that came before to hear,  
 Forgot themselves, and turn'd his Murderers there.  
 The same loud Storm, blew the *Grave Mitre* down;  
 It blew down that, and with it shook the *Crown*.  
 Then first a *State*, without a *Church* begun,  
 Comfort thy self dear *Church*, for then 'twas done.

The same great Storm, to Sea great *Mary* drove,  
 The Sea could not such dangerous Tempests move.  
 The same drove *Charles* into the North, and then  
 Would Readillier far have driven him back agen.  
 To fly from noise of Tumults is no shame,  
 Ne'r will their Armies force them to the same:  
 They all his Castles, all his Towns invade,  
 He's a large Prisoner in all *England* made!  
 He must not pass to *Ireland's* weeping Shore,  
 The Wounds these Surgeons make must yield them  
 He must not conquer his lewd Rebels there, (more:  
 Least he should learn by that to do it here.  
 The Sea they subject next to their command,  
 The Sea that Crowns our Kings and all their Land.  
 Thus poor they leave him, their base Pride and Scorn,  
 As poor as these, now mighty Men, were born.  
 When straight whole Armies meet in *Charles's* Right,  
 How no Man knows, but here they are and Fight.

A Man would swear that saw this altered State,  
 Kings were called Gods, because they could Create  
 Vain Men; 'tis Heaven this first Assistance brings,  
 The same is Lord of Hosts, that's King of Kings.  
 Had Men forsook him, Angels from above,  
 (The Assyrian did less their Justice move.)  
 Would all have mustered in his Righteous Aid,  
 And Thunder against your Cannon would have play'd.  
 It needs not so, for Man desires to right  
 Abused Mankind, and wretches you must fight.  
 Worcester first saw't, and trembled at the view,  
 Too well the Ills of *Civil War* she knew,  
 Twice did the Flames of old her Towers invade,  
 Twice call'd she in vain for her own *Severn's Aid*.  
 Here first the Rebel Winds began to roar,  
 Brake loose from the just Fetters which they bore.  
 Here Mutinous Waves above their shore did swell,  
 And the first Storm of that Dire Winter fell.

But when the two great Brethren once appeared,  
 And their bright Heads like *Leda's* off-spring rear'd,  
 Where those Sea-calming Sons, from *Jove* were spied,  
 The Winds all fled, the Waves all sunk and died!  
 How fought great *Rupert*, with what Rage and Skill?  
 Enough to have Conquered had his Cause been ill!  
 Comely Young Man, and yet his dreadful sight,  
 The Rebels' Blood to their faint Hearts does fright.  
 In vain alas it seeks so weak defence,  
 For his keen Sword brings it again from thence:  
 Yet grieves he at the Lawrels thence he bore,  
 Alas poor Prince, they'll fight with him no more.  
 His Vertue will be eclipsed with too much Fame,  
 Henceforth he will not Conquer, but his Name:  
 Here — — with tainted Blood the Field did stain,  
 By his own Sacrilege, and's Countreys Curses slain.  
 The first Commander did Heavens Vengeance shew,  
 And led the Rebels Van to shades below.

On two fair Hills both Armies next are seen,  
 The affrighted Valley sighs and sweats between;  
 Here *Angels* did, with fair Expectance stay,  
 And wish'd good things to a King as mild as they;  
 There *Fiends* with hunger waiting did abide,  
 And Cursed both, but spurr'd on the guilty side.  
 Here stood *Religion*, her looks gently sage,  
 Aged, but much more comely for her Age!  
 There *Schism* Old Hagg, tho' seeming young appears,  
 As Snakes by casting skins, Renew their years;  
 Undecent Rags of several Dies she wore;  
 And in her hand torn *Liturgies* she bore.  
 Here *Loyalty* an humble *Cross* display'd,  
 And still as *Charles* pass'd by, she bow'd and pray'd.  
*Sedition* there her Crimson Banner spreads,  
 Shakes all her Hands, and roars with all her Heads.  
 Her knotty Hairs were with dire Serpents twist,  
 And every Serpent at each other hist.

Here

Here stood *White Truth*, and her own Host does bless,  
 Clad with those Armes of Proof her Nakedness.  
 There *Perjuries* like Cannons roar aloud,  
 And *Lies* flew thick, like Cannons smoaky Cloud.  
 Here *Learning* and th' *Arts* met, as much they fear'd  
 As when the *Hunns* of old and *Goths* appear'd.  
 What should they do, unapt themselves to fight,  
 They promised noble Pens the Acts to write.  
 There *Ignorance* advanced, and joy'd to spy  
 So many that durst fight they know not why.  
 From those, who most the slow-soul'd *Monks* disdain,  
 From those she hopes the *Monks* dull Age again,  
 Here *Mercy* waits with sad but gentle look,  
 Never alas had she her *Charles* forsook!  
 For *Mercy* on her Friends, to *Heaven* she cries,  
 Whilst *Justice* pulls down *Vengeance* from the Skies.  
*Oppression* there, *Rapine* and *Murder* stood  
 Ready as was the Field to drink their Blood.

A thousand wronged Spirits amongst them moan'd,  
And thrice the Ghost of mighty *Strafford* groan'd.

Now flew their Cannon thick through wounded Air,  
Sent to defend, and kill their Sovereign there.

More than he them, the Bullets feared his Head,  
And at his Feet lay innocently Dead.

They knew not what those Men that sent them meant,  
And acted their pretence not their intent.

This was the Day, this the first Day that shew'd  
How much to *Charles* for our long Peace we ow'd:

By his Skill here, and Spirit we understood,

From War naught kept him but his Countries good.

In his great Looks, what chearful Anger shone,

Sad *War*, and joyful *Triumphs* mixed in one.

In the same Beams of his Majestick Eye,

His own Men Life, his Foes did Death espy.

Great *Rupert* this, that Wing great *Willmott* leads,

White-feathered Conquest, flies o'r both their Heads.

They



They charge, as if alone, they'd beat the Foe;  
 Whether their Troops followed them up or no.  
 They follow close and haste into the fight,  
 As swift as strait the Rebels make their flight.  
 So swift the Miscreants fly, as if each fear  
 And jealousy they framed, had met them there.  
 They heard Wars Musick, and away they flew,  
 The Trumpets fright worse than the Organs do.  
 Their Souls which still, new by-ways do invent,  
 Out at their wounded Backs perversly went.  
 Pursue no more, ye *Noble Victors* slay,  
 Least too much Conquest lose so brave a day:  
 For still the Battail sounds behind, and Fate  
 Will not give all; but sets us here a Rate:  
 Too dear a rate she sets, and we must pay  
 One honest Man, for ten such Knaves as they.  
 Streams of Black tainted Blood the Field besmear,  
 But pure well coloured drops shine here and there:  
 They



They scorn to mix with fouds of baser veines,  
 Just as the nobler moisture, Oyl disdains.  
 Thus fearless *Lindsey*, thus bold *Aubigny*,  
 Amid't the Corps of slaughtered Rebels lie:  
 More honourably then — — e'r was found,  
 With troops of living Traytors circled round.  
 Rest valiant Souls in peace, ye sacred pair,  
 And all whose Deaths attended on you there:  
 You'r kindly welcomed to Heavens peaceful coast,  
 By all the reverend Martyrs Noble Host.  
 Your soaring Souls they meet with triumph, all  
 Led by great *Stephen* their old General.  
 Go — — now prefer thy flourishing State,  
 Above those murdered Heroes doleful fate.  
 Enjoy that life which thou durst basely save,  
 And thought't a Saw-pit nobler than a Grave,  
 Thus many saved themselves, and *Night* the rest,  
*Night* that agrees with their dark Actions best.

A dismal shade did *Heavens* sad Face o'r flow,  
 Dark as the night, slain *Rebels* found below.  
 No gentle Stars their chearful Glories rear'd,  
 Ashamed they were at what was done, and fear'd  
 Least wicked Men their bold excuse should frame  
 From some strange Influence, and so vail their shame.  
 To Duty thus, Order and Law incline,  
 They who ne'r Err from one eternal Line.  
 As just the Ruin of these Men they thought,  
 As *Sisera's* was, 'gainst whom themselves had fought.  
 Still they Rebellions ends remember well  
 Since *Lucifer* the Great, their shining Captain fell.  
 For this the Bells they ring, and not in vain,  
 Well might they all ring out for thousands slain.  
 For this the Bonfires, their glad Lightness spread,  
 When Funeral Flames might more besit their dead.  
 For this with solemn thanks they tire their *God*,  
 And whilst they feel it, mock th' Almighty's Rod.  
They

They proudly now abuse his Justice more,  
Than his long Mercies they abu'sd before.

Yet these the Men that true Religion boast,  
The Pure and Holy, Holy, Holy, Host!

What great reward for so much Zeal is given? (Heaven.

Why, Heaven has thank'd them since as they thank'd

Witness thou *Brainford*, say thou Ancient Town,  
How many in thy Streets fell grovelling down.

Witness the *Red Coats* weltering in their Gore,  
And died anew into the Name they bore.

Witness their Men blowed up into the Air,  
All Elements their Ruins joyed to share.

In the wide Air quick Flames their Bodies tore,  
Then drown'd in Waves, their's tost by Waves to shore.

Witness thou *Thames*, thou wast amazed to see  
Men madly run to save themselves in thee.

In vain, for *Rebels Lives* thou wouldst not save,  
And down they sunk beneath thy conquering Wave.

Good reverend *Thames*, the best beloved of all  
 Those noble Blood, that meet at *Neptune's* Hall;  
*London's* proud *Towers*, which do thy Head adorn,  
 Are not thy Glory now, but Grief and Scorn.

Thou grievest to see the *White named Palace* shine,  
 Without the Beams of it's own Lord and thine:

Thy Lord which is to all as good and free,  
 As thou kind Flood to thine own Banks can be.

How does thy peaceful Back disdain to bear  
 The Rebels busie Pride at *Westminster*.

Thou who thy self doest without murmuring pay  
 Eternal Tribute to thy Prince the Sea.

To *Oxford* next Great *Charles* in Triumph came,  
*Oxford* the *British* Muses second Fame.

Here Learning with some State and Reverence looks,  
 And dwells in Buildings lasting as her Books;

Both now Eternal, but they had Ashes been,  
 Had these *Religious Vandals* once got in.

Not

Not *Bodley's Noble Work* their *Rage* would spare,  
 For *Books* they know the chief *Malignants* are.  
 In vain they silence every Age before,  
 For Pens of Time to come will wound them more.  
 The Temples decent Wealth, and modest State,  
 Had suffered, this their Avarice, that their Hate.  
 Beggary and Scorn into the Church they'd bring,  
 And make God Glorious, as they made the King,  
 O happy Town, that to Lov'd *Charles's* Sight,  
 In those sad Times givest Safety and Delight.  
 The Fate which *Civil War* it self doth bless,  
 Scarce wouldst thou change; for *Peace* this happiness.  
 Amidst all the Joys which Heaven allows thee here,  
 Think on thy *Sister*, and then shed a tear.

What Fights did this sad Winter see each day,  
 Her Winds and Storms came not so thick as they!  
 Yet naught these far lost Rebels could recall,  
 Not *Marlborough's* nor *Cirencester's* fall.

Yet

Yet still for Peace the *gentle Conqueror* sues;  
 By his Wrath they Perish, yet his Love refuse.  
 Nor yet is the plain Lesson understood,  
 Writ by kind Heaven, in *B* — and *H*'s — Blood.  
*Chad* and his Church saw where their Enemy lay,  
 And with just Red, new marked their Holy day.  
 Fond Men, this Blow the injured *Crozier* strook,  
 Naught was more fit to perish but thy Book.  
 Such fatal Vengeance did wronged *Charlegrove* shew,  
 Where — — both begun and ended to.  
 His cursed Rebellion, where his Soul's repaid  
 With separation, great as that he made.  
 — — Whose Spirit moved o'r this mighty Frame,  
 O'th Brittain Isle, and out this Chaos came.  
 — — The Man that taught Confusions Art,  
 His Treasons restless and yet noiseless Heart.  
 His Active Brain, like *Ætna's* Top appear'd,  
 Where Treason's forged, yet no noise outward heard.

'Twas

'Twas he continued what e'r bold *M* — said,  
 And all the popular noise that *P* — has made.  
 'Twas he that taught the *Zealous Rout* to rise,  
 And be his Slaves for some feigned Liberties.  
 Him for this Black Design, Hell thought most fit,  
 Ah! wretched Man, cursed by too good a Wit.

If not all this your stubborn Hearts can fright,  
 Think on the *West*, think on the *Cornish* might:  
 The *Saxon* Fury, to that far stretch'd place,  
 Drove the torn Reliques of great *Brutus* Race.  
 Here they of old, did in long safety lie,  
 Compassed with Seas, and a worse Enemy.  
 Ne'r till this time, ne'r did they meet with Foes  
 More Cruel and more Barbarous than those.  
 Ye noble *Brittains*, who so oft with Blood  
 Of *Pagan* Hosts, have died old *Tamar's* Flood.  
 If any drop of mighty *Uther* still,  
 Or *Uther's* mighty'r Son your Veins does fill.

Shew

Shew then that Spirit, till all Men think by you  
 The doubtful Tales of your great *Arthur* true.  
 You have shewn it *Britains*, and have often done  
 Things that have cheared the weary setting Sun.  
 Again did *Tamar* your dread Arms behold,  
 As just and as successful as the Old:  
 It kissed the *Cornish Banks*, and vow'd to bring  
 His richest Waves to feed the ensuing Spring;  
 But murmur'd sadly, and almost deny'd  
 All fruitful Moisture to the *Devon* side.  
 Ye Sons of War, by whose bold Acts we see  
 How great a thing exalted Man may be;  
 The World remains your Debtor, that as yet  
 Ye have not all gone forth and conquered it.  
 I knew that Fate some wonders for you meant,  
 When matchless *Hopton* to your Coasts the sent.  
*Hopton!* so wise, he needs not Fortunes Aid,  
 So fortunate his Wisdom's useless made.

Should



Should his so often tryed Companions fail,  
 His *Spirit*, alone, and *Courage* would prevail,  
*Miraculous Man*! how would I sing thy praise,  
 Had any *Muse* crowned me with half the *Bays*,  
 Conquest hath given to thee; and next thy Name  
 Should *Berkly*, *Stanning*, *Digby* prest to Fame.  
*Godolphin* thee, thee *Greenvil* I'd rehearse,  
 But Tears break off my Verse,  
 How oft has vanquished *Stamford* backward fled,  
 Swift as the parted Souls of those he led!  
 How few did his huge Multitudes defeat,  
 For most are Ciphers when the Number's great.  
 Numbers alas of Men, that made no more,  
 Than he himself Ten Thousand times told o'r.  
 Who hears of *Stratton* Fight, but must confess  
 All that he heard or read before was less.  
 Sad *Germany* can no such Trophy boast,  
 For all the Blood these twenty years sh' has lost.

Vast was their *Army*, and their *Arms* were more  
 Than th' Host of Hundred-handed *Gyants* bore.  
 So strong their *Arms*, it did almost appear  
 Secure, had neither *Arms* nor *Men* been there.  
 In *Hopton* breaks, in breaks the *Cornish* Powers,  
 Few and scarce Arm'd, yet was the advantage ours.  
 What doubts could be, their outward strength to win,  
 When we bore *Arms* and *Magazine* within.  
 The violent *Swords* out-did the *Muskets* ire,  
 It strook the *Bones*, and there gave dreadful fire:  
 We scorned their *Thunder* and the reaking *Blade*,  
 A thicker *Smoak* than all their *Cannon* made.  
*Death* and loud *Tumults* fill'd the place around;  
 With fruitless rage; fallen *Rebels* bite the *Ground*,  
 The *Arms* we gain'd, were *Wealth*, *Bodies*, of the *Foe*,  
 All that a full fraught *Victory* can bestow.  
 Yet stays not *Hopton* thus, but still proceeds,  
 Pursues himself through all his glorious deeds.

With *Hertford*, and the *Prince*, he joyns his fate,  
 The *Belgian Trophies* on their journey wait.  
 The *Prince* who oft had check'd proud *W* — fame.  
 And fool'd that flying *Conquerours* empty name:  
 Till by his loss that fertile Monster thriv'd,  
 This Serpent cut in parts rejoyn'd and liv'd.  
 It liv'd and would have stung us deeper yet,  
 But that bold *Greenwil* its whole fury met.  
 He sold like *Decius* his devoted Breath,  
 And left the Common-Wealth Heir to his Death.  
 Hail mighty *Ghost*! look from on high and see  
 How much our *Hands* and *Swords* remember thee.  
 At *Roundway Heath*, our Rage at thy great fall,  
 Whet all our Spirits and made us *Greenwils* all.  
 One thousand Horse beat all their numerous power;  
 Bless me! and where was then their *Conqueror*!  
 Coward of Fame, he flies in haste away,  
 Men, Arms, and Name leaves us the *Victors Prey*.

What meant those *Iron Regiments* which he brought,  
 That moving Statues seem'd and so they fought.  
 No way for Death but by Disease appear'd,  
 Cannon and Mines a Siege they scarcely feared:  
 Till 'gainst all hopes they prov'd in this sad fight,  
 Too weak too stand, and yet too slow for fight.  
 The Furies houl'd aloud through trembling Air,  
 Th' astonish'd Snakes fell sadly from their Hair,  
 To *Lud's* proud Town their hasty flight they took,  
 The Towers and Temples at their entrance hook:  
 In vain their Loss the' attempted to disguise,  
 And mustred up new Troops of fruitless lies:  
 God fought himself, nor could th' event be less,  
 Bright Conquest walks the Fields in all her dress.  
 Could this white day a Gift more grateful bring?  
 Oh yes! it brought bless'd *Mary* to the King!  
 In *Keynton* Field they met; at once they view  
 Their former Victory and enjoy a new.

Keynton the Place that Fortune did approve,  
 To be the *noblest Scene* of War and Love;  
 Through the Glad vail, Ten thousand *Cupids* fled  
 And Chas'd the wandring spirits of *Rebels* dead,  
 Still the lewd scent of Powder did they fear,  
 And scatter'd *Eastern smells* through all the Air.  
 Look happy Mount, look well, for this is she,  
 That Toyl'd and Travel'd for thy Victory,  
 Thy flourishing Head to her with reverence bow,  
 To her thou owest that Fame which Crownsthee now.  
 From far stretcht Shores they felt her spirit, and might;  
*Princes* and *God* at any distance fight.  
 At her return well might sh' a Conquest have,  
 Whose very absence such a Conquest gave.  
 This in the *West*, nor did the *North* bestow  
 Less Cause their usual gratitude to shew;  
 With much of state brave *Cavendish* led them forth,  
 As swift and fierce as tempest from the *North*.  
*Cavendish*

*Cavendish* whom every *Grace* and every *Muse*,  
 Kifs'd at his Birth ; and for their own did chuse :  
 So good a *Wit* they meant not should excel  
 In *Arms*, but now they see't and like it well :  
 So large is that rich Empire of his heart,  
 Well may they rest contented with a Part ;  
 How soon he forc'd the *Northern* Clouds to flight,  
 And struck Confusion into Form and Light !  
 Scarce did the Power Divine in fewer days,  
 A peaceful World out of a Chaos raise.  
*Bradford* and *Leeds* propt up their sinking fame,  
 They bragg'd of Hosts, and *Fairfax* was a name.  
*Leeds*, *Bradford*, *Fairfax* Powers are strait their own,  
 As quickly as they vote Men overthrown.  
*Bootes* from his Wain look'd down below,  
 And saw our Victory move not half so slow.  
 I see the *Gallant Earl* break through the Foes,  
 In Dust and Sweat how gloriously he shows.

I see him lead the Pikes; What will he do?  
*Defend him Heaven*, Oh whither will he go?  
 Up to the Cannons mouth he leads! in vain  
 They speak loud Death and threaten till they'r ta'ne.  
 So *Capaneu's* two Armies fill'd with Wonder,  
 When he charged *Jove* & grappled with his Thunder.  
 Both Hosts with silence, and with terror shook,  
 As if not he, but they were thunder-strook:  
 The *Courage* here, and *Boldness* was no less,  
 Onely the *Cause* was better and *Success*.  
*Heaven* will let naught be by their Cannon done,  
 Since at *Edgill* they fin'd and *Burlington*.  
 Go now your *silly Calumnies* repeat,  
 And make all *Papists* whom you cannot beat. (next,  
 Let the World know some way, with whom you are  
 And vote 'em *Turks* when they overthrow you next.  
 Why will you die fond Men, why will you buy  
 At this fond rate, your Countreys slavery?  
 Is't liberty! what are those threats we hear,

Why



Why do you thus th' *Old* and *New Prison* fill?  
 When that's the onely why, because you will?  
 Fain would you make *God* too thus tyrannous be,  
 And *damn poor Men* by such a stiff Decree:  
 Is't property? why do such numbers then  
 From *God* beg *Vengeance* and *Relief* from *Men*?  
 Why are the *Estates* and *Good's* seiz'd on of all  
 Whom *Covetous* or *Malicious Men* miscall?  
 What's more our own than our own *Lives*? But oh  
 Could *Yeoman's*, or could *Bourchier* find it so?  
 The *Barbarous Coward* alway's used to fly,  
 Did know no other way to see men die.  
 Or is't *Religion*? What then mean your *Lies*  
 Your *Sacredgedes* and *Pulpit Blasphemies*,  
 Why are all *Sest's* let loose, that ere had Birth,  
 Since *Luther's* noise wak'd the *Letbargick Earth*,

*The Author went no further.*